





**DEATH OF OUR MOTHER.**—In our last week's issue, we mentioned the fact of the serious illness of our mother, and that we had gone, in obedience to a telegram to her home near Richmond, Virginia. Shocked as we were at this telegram, we were doomed to a greater and more enduring pain by another telegram received while we were on the way, informing us that she was dead. Yes, the best and dearest mother that ever blessed and watched over the destiny of a wayward child has been called to her reward and left us a corroding sorrow for her loss. A lifetime of earnest piety and sacrifices for others had prepared her for the summons, and she went hence with but one regret, that of parting from her family whom she loved and was loved by so tenderly and fondly. She is now in the Kingdom of Heaven, and it behooves us, who are left to grieve for her, to imitate her bright and loving example and strive to meet her where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are eternally at rest."

**APPEALS IN LOUISIANA.**—We are not of the number of those that would fall down and worship President Hayes, but we are disposed to give him credit for every good thing he does. His policy toward the South has had the effect of producing a decidedly good feeling toward him by Democrats and honest men generally. His last order for the withdrawal of troops from Louisiana, has met with universal exhibition of enthusiasm throughout the South. The people of that unfortunate and oppressed State are again free, and the flag of our common country floats over it, not as a province, but as a State, redeemed from radical rule and tyranny. The order was carried into effect last Tuesday by the quiet withdrawal of the troops. There was no demonstration by the citizens, every one seeming determined to carry out in good faith, the promise of their deliverer, the great and good Governor Nicholls. Most of the Legislature that upheld the Packard usurpation who have any claim to their offices, have gone over to the Democratic Legislature, and on Wednesday, Judge H. M. Spofford, the choice of the Democratic caucus was elected United States Senator by 140 to 12. Packard will do as Chamberlain did, leave the State that he has tried so hard to ruin and take himself to some quiet nook, and it is hoped, hang himself. The war that was commenced in 1861, has at last been brought to an end and each one of the thirty-eight States are to-day, unfettered, and free from the foot of oppression. Verily, the clouds that have so long hovered over the prosperity of our country are vanished, and prosperity and peace are assured and certain.

The inevitable and long threatened European war has at last been commenced by the invasion of the Russian army into Turkey by order of the authorities, which was given by Alexander in these words: "Invoking the blessings of God upon our valiant armies we give the order to cross the Turkish frontier." It is expected that the war will become general and that while the Europeans are getting shot down and wives and children are cast upon the friendless world, to starve and die, we, of America, will profit by their misfortunes, and grow rich on their necessities. Already provisions of every kind have gone up and are still advancing, and the prospect of a revival in trade and an era of general good fortune is promised for the whole land.

That County Judge of Pulaski, says that the charges made against him by the editor of the Somerset Reporter, are "untrue, infamous, malicious, and false," and writes us to make this statement. On the other hand, brother Owens says that every word he has written against the Judge is true, and he can prove it, and dubs the worthy Judge a "liar, poltroon, and a thief." Our readers can believe either statement they choose. As for our part, we deem the word of an editor equally as reliable as that of any County Judge in the State, and infinitely more so than that of some Judges that we know of. But, Judge, we have no "reference to allusions."

The Mountain Echo is informed that what we said about it, was for its own good, and not through malice. But since our gratuitous advice is likely not to be taken, we abandon it to the evils of its own choosing. We will say, however, that boys should not get mad when older people are kind enough to advise them.

The Shelby Democrat has been revived by Mr. Will S. Marshall, Jr., who, in a brief but business-like salutatory, asks the patronage of the public. We trust it will be liberally extended as judging from the initial number, it will be worthily bestowed.

W. O. CUNNINGHAM, Esq., editor of the Springfield Herald, has announced himself a candidate for the Legislature. Bad business did follow. You had better stick to your paper and write love poetry as formerly, if you wish to be happy.

The C. S. R. R. bridge over the Kentucky river has been finally tested, with the most satisfactory results. A million and eighty-two thousand pounds were thrown on it at one time, but no motion of the grand structure was noticeable. A great crowd, among whom was many prominent men from this and other States witnessed the test, and the enthusiasm was unbounded. The bridge is 1125 feet long, 275 feet high, and cost \$404,000. It has the distinction of being the highest bridge in the world.

At a Convention of the young men of Simpson county, held at Franklin last week, resolutions of approval of the course of Hon. C. W. Milliken, their former representative in Congress, were adopted with a recommendation that his ability and worth be recognized by a seat in the next Senate.

#### ROCKCASTLE COUNTY NEWS.

By J. W. HARRIS.

APRIL 26th, 1877.

Has Harro any party?

The "iron heel" of the carpet-bagger no longer grinds the bleeding neck of Louisiana.

There will be services at the church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, by Elder O. T. Ashill.

The exercises in the Sunday school begin promptly at 6:30 o'clock. Let everybody try to be there at that time.

A slow rain is falling this morning. We don't need it, and are therefore sorry to see it.

We should greatly prefer a continuance of the pleasant weather, with which we have been blessed during the past several days.

The Democratic Committee has called a primary election to be held in this District, on Saturday, the 19th day of May, to settle the conflicting claims of the candidates for Senatorial honors. We say the Committee called this election, but it may or may not be positive—it may have been called by the editor of the Richmond Register.

We are a decided lover of justice; we like to see justice administered to all alike, without regard to "age, sex or previous acts." Therefore it is that we demur to the criticisms of the Debating Club, made by "Dickie Row" in the last issue of the London Echo. He ought not to have failed to mention that one of our most prominent and popular speakers connected with the Society is Prof. J. L. Whitehead.

Mr. R. J. White, of Madison county, a candidate for the Senate in this District, has been spending several days in our village. We think the impression he has made upon our people is quite a favorable one. In fact, we know it is so. Mr. White is a good Democrat, and at the same time a most estimable gentleman. In the event that he is declared the nominee of the party, we shall support him cheerfully, though we will not be any the less sincere in our opinion that the nominee ought to "hail from Rockcastle."

Now that the last of the troops have been removed, and the days of the jolly carpet-baggers are over, we live once more in a free and united country. The struggle between the sections was long and fierce and bitter, yet not half so long as the time required to convince the North that the South accepted the situation. Now will begin an era of good feeling, and with it we hope will come prosperity. The future of this country is a glorious one, if the people will it to be so. "Let us be up and doing," is the watchword.

Circuit Court convened at this place last Monday, his Honor, W. H. Randall on the bench, and that polite and affable Commonwealth's Attorney, James H. Tinsley, at his place. The time of the court has thus far been occupied in the trial of criminal cases, most of them for misdemeanors. Only one felony case—against J. O. Gibbs, for forgery, has been tried, in which the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and fixed the punishment of the defendant at two years confinement in the Penitentiary. In the case of the Commonwealth vs. F. M. Gibbs, for grand larceny, the indictment was dismissed, and the matter referred to the present grand jury for investigation. Judge Randall, always noted for his dispatch of business, is now well up with his case. The grand jury in arduous session will carefully inspect the evil doings in the county during the past six months. Among the visiting Attorneys present yesterday, we noticed F. B. McClary, of Barbourville; B. F. Holman, of Manchester; Judge Pearl, of London, and W. O. Bradley, of Lancaster.

Quit.

Mon. Thomas H. Shanks.

Thomas Hanley Shanks, whose death occurred on Sunday morning last, was born in Lincoln county, on the 18th day of February, 1841. His family is one of the most respectable of the old families of Central Kentucky. His father, Wm. Shanks, was the youngest son of Wm. Shanks, one of the earliest pioneer settlers of Lincoln county, and Sarah A. Hanley, both descended from Virginia ancestry. His mother Rebecca Baughman, was a daughter of Henry Baughman and Patience Owsley, a sister of Ex-Governor Wm. Owsley.

The father of the subject of this sketch, was a man of great force of character, fine native intellect and honorable reputation. He inherited a comfortable property, and lived until within a few years of his death, upon his paternal estate, and gave his son Thomas, the youngest of five sons, such advantages as his fortune and social position enabled him.

Thomas H. Shanks passed the first fifteen years of his life continuously in Lincoln county, and until this year, attended the common schools of his neighborhood, and the male seminary of Stanford, at which he progressed rapidly in his studies, and at this early age gave evidences by his conduct, of a manly, generous, fearless and enterprising disposition, for which he was distinguished throughout his life.

In 1856, he was appointed to a cadetship in the United States Military Academy, at West Point, and for about ten months was a student in that institution. Tiring, however, of the restraints and labor necessary to a severe military training, which strained to the utmost his delicate constitution, he resigned, returned to Kentucky, and became a student at Centre College, Danville, where he remained one year. Leaving this institution, he commenced the study of law at Stanford, where he remained until the breaking out of the civil war. In May, 1861, in company with about twenty other young men of his county, he went to Virginia and enlisted in the Confederate army. While there, in company with W. P. Crow, now deceased, he won the honor of making a capture of the first prisoner who bore a commission, for which, he was highly complimented by the Southern papers for his enterprise and daring. He served with credit during the campaign of 1861, in Virginia, and participated in the battle of Bull Run, and other minor engagements.

In the latter part of the year, his term of service having expired, he came to Southern Kentucky and enlisted in the partisan cavalry of Gen. John H. Morgan, whose brilliant career was then attracting to his standard the most chivalrous young men of the State. In this daring command he served with great credit, participating in many battles, skirmishes, raids and daring enterprises, receiving a severe wound at Cynthiana, in Kentucky, during Morgan's famous Summer raid of 1862. During the expedition of Gen. Bragg to Kentucky, in 1862, he was authorized to recruit a company of cavalry, which he readily accomplished, and his company was assigned to duty as company B, of the 6th regiment of Kentucky cavalry, commanded by Col. J. W. Grigsby, with which he participated in the battle of Perrville, in the division of Gen. Wheeler, where he did good service, keeping his men well together under a heavy fire, when they had been only a few days in the service. During the fall of 1862, and winter of 1862-3, he served with his regiment in the brigade of Gen. Abe Buford of Gen. Wheeler's division, and was engaged at the battle of Murfreesboro, and in numerous skirmishes and scout, and while acting in the last capacity, was surprised and taken prisoner. Being in a short time exchanged, he rejoined his regiment in June 1863, on the Cumberland river, in Kentucky, it having been, during the time he was a prisoner, transferred to the division of Gen. Morgan. He accompanied the expedition of Gen. Morgan to Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio, during the month of July, 1863, and rendered meritorious service in every position assigned him. At the battle of Buffington Island, Ohio, in which the raiding force of Gen. Morgan was greatly outnumbered and signally defeated, he behaved with conspicuous gallantry and cool courage, which did much to prevent the capture of the whole division, and prolonged Morgan's heroic efforts to escape for some days longer. On the next day, however, he was captured with the whole of his company at Chellico, Ohio, which ended his military service. Morgan's whole command being kept in prison until near the close of the war. By a piece of well devised strategy and masterly coolness, he effected his escape from prison in March, 1865, and was assigned to duty, but was engaged in no important military service. His command was disbanded at Woodstock, Ga., in May, 1865. Returning to Kentucky, he engaged in the business of farming and stock trading, and was eminently successful. But owing to his liberal disposition and profuse generosity, he never accumulated a fortune. He took an active and intelligent part in politics, and in 1875, was elected a member of the Lower House of the General Assembly, after a memorable contest, in which he was victor by a handsome majority, and while in that body served as Chairman of the committee on Military Affairs, and held the second position on the most important house committee, to-wit: The committee of Ways and Means. During the last year of his life his health had perceptibly declined, and he was finally stricken down with an illness considered trivial at first, but which finally terminated in a congestive chill and almost immediate death.

Thomas H. Shanks was a man of many noble and generous qualities. He was eminently magnanimous. He bore no malice toward his enemies, and stood steadily by his friends to the last. His courage was proverbial, and though slow to engage in quarrels, when aroused he became at once a vigorous and dangerous foe. He had a happy faculty of accommodating himself to all classes of people, and all ranks sought his friendship and obtained it. He was liberal to a fault, giving with a lavish hand and having no power to say no, to any cry for assistance. His executive capacity was really wonderful, and his energy and endurance, notwithstanding a delicate constitution, were surprising. He was fastidiously honorable. He made friends and held them without effort or art, and with an apparent indifference to popular applause. His mind was of rare caliber, and his judgment cool, penetrating and correct. But his most noticeable characteristic was his extraordinary selfishness. He was careless of himself, and totally indifferent to display. His acquaintance was of wide range and men did not forget him. He never closed his doors against any man, and wherever he went he found a door open for himself and a hospitable board and hearty welcome within. His faults were those of a generous and many nature and amply atoned for by the virtues which we have inadequately attempted to portray. Brave, generous, faithful, honorable, his death leaves a void in the county which will not readily be filled. "After life's fitful fever may he sleep well."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED

500 BARRELS OF CORN.

For which the highest market price will be paid.

Apply at the

INTERIOR JOURNAL OFFICE.

HANGING FARM FOR SALE!

My Farm, lying on the Hustonville and Stanford Turnpike Road, near the Railroad, for sale. The tract contains 170 acres of rich hanging farm land, under good fence, well watered, with two comfortable houses, well situated, seven miles from Stanford and three miles from Hustonville and within 15 miles of the Railroad. Terms liberal. Possession can be given on the 25th day of December, next. I will sell the entire tract together or will divide it into two lots, one of 60 acres, the other 110 acres. The Farm is known as part of the old Kingston farm.

ROBT. C. BLAIN.

April 26th, 1877.

DENNIS & BASH

Carriage Manufacturers

Old Stand, Main Street,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

We will keep on hand and build to order every description of vehicle in the carriage line.

Repairing of all kinds done at low rates. Give us a call.

206-2m

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE!

Having purchased a Power Press, we wish to dispose of our No. 4

WASHINGTON HAND PRESS.

It is in perfect order and

AS GOOD AS NEW.

Address W. F. WALTON, Prop'r.

Interior Journal, Stanford, Ky.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

THE NATIONAL BANK!

OF STANFORD.

At Stanford, in the State of Kentucky,

At Close of Business Apr. 14, 1877.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts, \$173,823.53

Overdrafts, 3,913.87

U. S. Bonds to secure circulation, 100,000.00

U. S. Bonds on hand, 1,000.00

Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages, 10,000.00

Due from approved reserve agents, 18,740.00

Due from other National Banks, 8,487.30

Real Estate, mortgages and discounts, 1,767.31

Current expenses and taxes paid, 25.28

Checks and other cash items, 273.13

Bills of other National Banks, 4,212.00

Fractional currency, including nickels, 40.00

Specie, including gold Treasury notes, 2,110.85

Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (3 per cent. of circulation), 6,750.00

Total, \$394,836.76

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in, \$150,000.00

Surplus fund, 30,000.00

Undivided profits, 30,000.00

U. S. Bonds not outstanding, 104,540.00

Individual deposits subject to check, 54,474.00

Deposits of other National Banks, 1,000.00

Certified checks, 5,000.00

Legal-tender notes (with U. S. Treasurer (3 per cent. of circulation), 7,000.00

Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (3 per cent. of circulation), 9,000.00

Total, \$394,836.76

STATE OF KENTUCKY,

County of Lincoln.

I, Jno. B. Owsley, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JNO. B. OWSLEY, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of April, 1877.

J. B. OWSLEY, N. P. C.

CORRECT ATTEST:

S. H. SHANKS, } Directors,  
W. ALLEN,  
R. VANADAM.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The Farmers National Bank!

AT STANFORD.

in the State of Kentucky, at the Close of

Business, Apr. 14, 1877.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts, \$193,161.62

Overdrafts, 3,275.35

U. S. Bonds to secure circulation, 100,000.00

U. S. Bonds on hand, 1,000.00

Due from approved reserve agents, 14,140.28

Due from other National Banks, 12,500.12

Real Estate, mortgages and discounts, 1,243.79

Current expenses and taxes paid, 6,300.00

Bills of other National Banks, 5,000.00

Fractional currency, including nickels, 217.30

Specie, including gold Treasury notes, 6,000.00

Legal-tender notes (with U. S. Treasurer (3 per cent. of circulation), 7,000.00

Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (3 per cent. of circulation), 9,000.00

Total, \$394,836.76

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in, \$250,000.00

Surplus fund, 30,000.00

Undivided profits, 3,200.00

National Bank Note circulation, 100,000.00

Individual deposits subject to check, 70,475.00

Due to other National Banks, 2,221.91

Due to State Banks and bankers, 2,450.71

Total, \$394,836.76

STATE OF KENTUCKY,

County of Lincoln.

I, Jno. B. Owsley, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JNO. B. OWSLEY, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of April, 1877.

JNO. B. OWSLEY, N. P. C.

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W. ALLEN,  
R. VANADAM.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Interior Journal, Stanford, Ky.

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At Stanford, in the State of Kentucky,

At Close of Business Apr. 14, 1877.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts, \$173,823.53

Overdrafts, 3,913.87

U. S. Bonds to secure circulation, 100,000.00

U. S. Bonds on hand, 1,000.00

Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages, 10,000.00

Due from approved reserve agents, 18,740.00

Due from other National Banks, 8,487.30

Real Estate, mortgages and discounts, 1,767.31

Current expenses and taxes paid, 25.28

Checks and other cash items, 273.13

Bills of other National Banks, 4,212.00

Fractional currency, including nickels, 40.00

Specie, including gold Treasury notes, 2,110.85

Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (3 per cent. of circulation), 6,750.00

Total, \$394,836.76

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in, \$150,000.00

Surplus fund, 30,000.00

Undivided profits, 30,000.00

U. S. Bonds not outstanding, 104,540.00

Individual deposits subject to check, 54,474.00

Deposits of other National Banks, 1,000.00

Certified checks, 5,000.00

Legal-tender notes (with U. S. Treasurer (3 per cent. of circulation), 7,000.00

Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (3 per cent. of circulation), 9,000.00

Total, \$394,836.76

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JNO. B. OWSLEY, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of April, 1877.

J. B. OWSLEY, N. P. C.

CORRECT ATTEST:

S. H. SHANKS, } Directors,  
W. ALLEN,  
R. VANADAM.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The Farmers National Bank!







# The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, April 27, 1927.

## CECILE.

"Ten years' imprisonment!" The handsome face of the prisoner flushed, and grew deathly pale, as he turned his blazing eyes on Judge Carroll.

"Ten years' imprisonment!" he repeated, "and then, James Carroll, be ware!"

Two days later, in his dreary cell, the wife of Reede Hamilton knelt by his side.

"You terrify me, Reede," she cried; "it is fearful to cherish such hatred to any man."

"Hush, Mildred; he deserves it. Because I struck his brother, who insulted me, he discharged me from the mill; knowing well I could get no other work just then."

"But Arthur Carroll was drunk then, Reede."

"Drunk then, Mildred; but he always disliked me, even in our boyhood; if he happened to be drunk that time, he has often insulted me in his sober senses, and when provoked beyond measure, I lifted my hand; I was turned out of his brother's mill—then, when penniless, I almost begged for my place again; I was ordered out, and meeting the author of all my trouble, do you wonder hard words ensued, ending in blows?"

"God knows there was no justice in trying me for assault with intent to kill; it was simply a fair fight, but I was the stronger man of the two and maddened by the wrong done me."

"Mildred, I have planned a revenge, and you will help me with it, in fact, it will be all in your hands. Promise to do all you can to further my design, Mildred."

Mildred Hamilton was far from being a wicked woman, and yet, through love for her husband, she listened to his plans.

Refusing at first, she at last consented; gave her promise to do all that he wished her.

Ten years passed away, and the handsome prisoner who had tried to murder Arthur Carroll was completely forgotten.

Sometimes a vague memory of him would pass through Judge Carroll's mind.

"I should think he had more cause for hatred towards Arthur than towards me," the Judge thought, "what should I have done but discharge him for striking my brother; what should I have done but sentence him to the highest penalty the law allows, for his cowardly attempt to murder afterwards?"

Ten years had passed, and in an elderly furnished room a girl stood leaning against the window.

She was very beautiful, with delicate features, dense black eyes, shaded with heavy silken lashes, with delicately penciled eyebrows, low, broad forehead, and exquisitely curved, crimson lips.

Her dress, of some delicate, lustrous stuff, fell in soft folds around her, and creamy lace encircled her throat and wrists, and a few moss-rosebuds clustered low amid her glittering, chestnut hair.

Yes, Cecile Davenport was a beauty, and by right of that beauty, reigned queen among the many fair women who made bright the Ocean Hotel at beautiful Long Branch.

Who she was, or what she was, no one knew save that she was rarely beautiful, high-bred and easy in her manner, and had come to Long Branch with her mother, a fair, pale lady, wearing the robes of widowhood.

Among all the lovers her beauty won, Cecile was kindest of all to Victor Carroll, the great heir of Judge Carroll, the son and heir of Judge Carroll.

On him her sweetest smiles were lavished, at his approach the beautiful eyes drooped, the red lips spoke words of welcome.

Victor Carroll stood before her now, and pleaded for her love.

"I love you, Cecile," he said, "tell me, darling, may I hope? Cecile, will you be my wife?"

The girl's face flushed, and a soft light came into her eyes.

"You will be my wife, Cecile?" he repeated.

Soft and low came her answer—"Yes, Victor, I will be your wife."

"Then you love me, my darling?" he said, his brown eyes glowing, and Cecile made no answer, when he drew her to him, and kissed her beautiful lips.

So Cecile married Victor Carroll, and after the marriage, but not till then, Victor told his father of his beautiful Cecile.

Judge Carroll was a proud man, and his son's marriage with a girl whom no one knew was a great blow to him; but Cecile's pale mother told him a tale he could not disapprove, and as long as they were married, there was no remedy.

No matter, Cecile was fair and pure, and according to her mother's story, of at least respectable birth, and so the old Judge yielded with the greatest possible grace, and gave a reception in honor of his new daughter-in-law.

The evening of the reception came, and Cecile stood beside her husband, at the upper end of the room.

Her dress was of pale amethyst silk, with clouds of silvery grey tissue, that

ing over it a bunch of gold-beaded, purple panies, clustered at her throat and trailed down the front of her dress, her bare white arms gleamed from beneath the silken tissue, and were clasped with broad bands of gold, set with amethysts.

Her hair was brushed back from her low, white brow, and fastened with a bunch of the same great, gold-beaded flowers, she wore at her throat.

Her husband watched her with passionate love glowing in his eyes. His beautiful wife was more to him than all else in life.

"My darling," he whispered, "is all the room, there is none so fair as you. Oh, my love, how did I come to win you?"

A strange smile passed over Cecile's face.

"Are you so happy, Victor?" she said, "and do you love me so well?"

"I love you so well, darling, that life without you would be worse than death to me!"

He was so handsome then, in his strong, young manhood, that his wife's heart went out to him, with a wild, yearning pain, went out with a love she scarcely knew the depth of before.

Her face grew strangely pale, and a look of intense pain came into her eyes, and the flowers at her throat seemed to smother her, with their faint, sweet perfume.

"I wish to speak to mother, Victor," she said, as Mrs. Davenport passed them; "you will please excuse my absence for a moment."

Mrs. Davenport was in the corridor when Cecile overtook her.

"I wish to speak to you a moment, mother," she said, drawing her into the nearest room.

Once in it, Cecile sank on her knees.

"Mother! mother!" she sobbed, "can we not keep the story from her?—must my father have his revenge? Why did you not tell me of it before I became Victor Carroll's wife—for I would sooner have died than wronged him so!"

"Cecile," her mother said, looking down at the weeping girl, "you have learned to love your husband passionately since your marriage. Is it not so?"

Cecile raised her passion-stirred face. "It is so," she said. "Oh, mother, I love him, and the moment he knows the truth my heart will break."

She had risen from her knees while speaking, and stood with her hands clasped tightly together.

"My heart is breaking, mother," she continued, "you cannot dream how I suffer. Must the truth be told—can it be averted?"

"It cannot be averted," said a voice at the door, and a tall, stately man came forward.

"You told me to be shown up here, Mildred," he said, bowing first to Mrs. Davenport, then to Cecile.

The girl turned towards him. "Father," was all she said.

"Come, Cecile," he said, and her face grew white as a snowdrift, and all the light seemed to fade from her beautiful eyes.

She took his arm, however, without a word, and with Mrs. Davenport on the other, he passed along the corridor and entered the reception room.

It was filled with the proudest and the wealthiest in the land, and all eyes were turned on Cecile and her companions as they entered.

Victor Carroll sprang forward.

"Cecile!" he cried, frightened by the whiteness of her face.

Judge Carroll came over, his eyes resting half questioningly on the face of Cecile's father.

"Judge Carroll," Cecile's clear young voice said, "this is my father."

"Your father, Cecile, I thought—" "Yes, her father," said the man, stepping forward, "an old friend of yours, Judge. Do you completely forget?"

A cry broke from Judge Carroll's lips.

"My God!" he said, "Reede Hamilton!"

At her service, sir. Reede Hamilton, convict-felon—criminal, after having served his time.

Without another word, James Carroll fell forward on the floor.

They raised him up and laid him on the sofa, wondering what he died.

Many of them remembered Reede Hamilton before his disgrace, and they looked with anxious faces from him to the man who felt his revenge had killed.

Victor turned towards his wife, infinite pity shining in his eyes.

"Cecile," was all he said.

"I am your daughter," she answered slowly.

A red flush swept over his brave, young face, leaving it whiter than before.

"Cecile, my wife," he said, and his voice trembled with the depth of his love.

Reede Hamilton looked silently on, a peculiar expression on his face.

"Victor Carroll," he said at last, "do you mean you are willing to forget, for Cecile's sake, that her father was a convict?"

"I love your daughter," Victor answered slowly. "I cannot hold her accountable for your sins."

"My sins," repeated the man, then changing his tone, he said:

"Judge Carroll lies there, stricken down by the blow I dealt at his pride, and I think I am amply revenged. I hated your father, but I cannot help respecting you. I may be a bad man,

but my heart is not completely hardened, and your manhood appeals to whatever manhood is left in me. Victor Carroll, Cecile is not my child."

"Not your child!" Victor repeated, quickly.

"No," said Mrs. Hamilton, coming forward, "she is not our child, our child has slept beneath the grass for eighteen long years."

"I will not enter into details of the death of our little Cecile, or of how I let her be buried as the child of one of the noblest men living, while his child remained with me as my own."

"I have every proof that the girl you married is your equal in every way. She is a living proof herself, for she is the image of her mother."

"Cecile," she said, turning to the girl, "have you a kind word for me, now that the truth is told?"

For a moment Cecile stood irresolute, then she put her arms round the woman's neck.

"You have always been kind as a mother to me," she said, "and I know you loved me."

"God knows I did, Cecile, and my life has been one of pain, for the life I have lived. But I loved you Cecile as if you had been my own child. Can you forgive me every thing, Cecile, when you think that for eighteen years you have been deprived of wealth and station?"

"I forgive you every thing," Cecile answered, "for has it not proved to me the depth of my husband's love?" and she glanced shyly at Victor.

"Did you ever doubt it, Cecile?" Victor said, but his face was strangely grave, for the shadow of death was in the room, though Victor's fair young wife was not a convict's daughter, Reede Hamilton had his revenge, for old Judge Carroll was dead.

It is related of Bishop Simpson, the eminent Methodist divine, that soon after his election to the episcopacy he happened to be in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and was introduced to a clergyman there as "Brother Simpson," and allowed to preach in his pulpit on Sunday morning. While the collection was being taken, the clergyman, who was astonished at the preacher's eloquence, asked,

"Are you a traveling preacher?"

"Yes," said Bishop Simpson, "I have been an itinerant for several years, and now travel a very large circuit."

"What conference do you belong to?"

"I did belong to the Pittsburgh, but I can not say that I am attached to any particular conference."

"What did you say your name was?"

"Simpson."

"Simpson! Not Bishop Simpson?"

"Why, they call me bishop sometimes."

Greatly surprised, the minister rose and exclaimed:

"I have the pleasure to announce to the congregation that the eloquent preacher who has addressed us this morning, is Bishop Simpson."

An old farmer once said to us that he would not have a hired man on his farm who did not habitually whistle. He always hired whistlers. He said he never knew a whistling laborer to find fault with his food, his bed, or complain of any little extra work he was asked to perform. Such a man was generally kind to children and to animals in his care. He would whistle a chilled lamb into warmth and life, and would bring in a fatful of eggs from the barn without breaking one of them. He found such a man more careful about closing gates, putting up bars, and seeing that the nuts on his plow were all properly tightened before he took it into the field. He never knew a whistling hired man to kick or beat a cow, nor drive her on a run in, as to the battle. He had noticed that the sheep he fed in the yard and shed gathered around him as he whistled without fear. He never had employed a whistler who was not thoughtful and economical. It affords a means of one so entertaining himself that he need never without company when he can whistle.—[Ex.]

It is estimated that 2000 business men attend the daily noon prayer meetings organized in the various centers of trade in Boston. The first held for the representatives of the press was presided over by an editor of the Boston Journal, and was attended by 120 persons. The market-men's meeting has outgrown its accommodations, and has been twice moved to obtain more room. The Summer Street gathering for dry goods men and their clerks has an attendance of 500 or more. In the evenings the Tabernacle is filled. The argumentative discourses of the Rev. Joseph Cook at the Tremont Temple are helpful to Mr. Moody by presenting in logical form the truths which contain the substance of the evangelist's addresses. Speaking on April 2, of unbelief, Mr. Cook made this strong assertion: "I do not know of a single infidel book over a hundred years old that has not been put on the upper neglected shelf by scholars."

Half the fools in the United States think they can beat the doctors at curing the sick; two-thirds of them are sure they can beat the ministers preaching the gospel; and all of them know they can beat the editors running the papers.

By all business people a plain, legible style of writing is most valued. Therefore, those who would write well should follow these rules: Write your own "hand." Improve it as you will, but keep it your own. Write plainly, forming every letter, and especially take pains to make all proper nouns, or unusual words, very legible. Write as uniformly as possible, and especially when writing your name or signature. Avoid all flourishes. On the ability to follow these simple rules may rest the chance of obtaining a situation.

To those who are writing for the press, or aspire to do so, we have simply to say that they often fail to gain a hearing on account of the "bad copy" they present. Manuscript should be written plainly. If writers only knew the immense trouble that illegible copy gives to editors and compositors, they would endeavor to write more plainly. Every word should be written distinctly, so that there shall be no need for guesswork on the part of the person who is to read it.

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